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MR. PALMER AND MR. BORAH

The Bonniwell Incident in the Light of a Recent Political Prophecy

ONE is tempted to wonder whether A. Mitchell Palmer, when he turned the big bertha so suddenly upon Judge Bonniwell, experienced, amid the fireworks, a recollection of Senator Borah and the sleety political prophecies tossed off in Washington a day or two ago by the man from Idaho.

The coincidence of Mr. Palmer, Mr. Borah and the Bonniwell case isn't to be disregarded. It is luminous. Mr. Borah has just taken time for a contemptuous dismissal of our illusions of a coming reform in politics. The war, he holds, has not tempered the heart or the soul of either of the big parties. It will not have tempered them in 1920.

"There will be no pioneering with new political or economic or social doctrines upon either side," said Mr. Borah. He said flatly that politicians were cowards and that they will remain cowards; that they will continue to trail furtively behind the crowd rather than in front and continue to job themselves to the desired places. Politics in America will be, after the war, what it was before.

The newspapers had a pleasant time with Senator Borah and his prophecies. They were acclaiming him as a gloom of the first magnitude. They said his periscope was fogged. And then Mr. Palmer stood upon his feet and gave tongue and revealed—or pretended to reveal—Judge Bonniwell and Senator Penrose and a flock of first-line politicians of both parties in attitudes which caused thoughtful men to look twice at Mr. Borah and say, "By all the prophets! The man may have been right!"

Now, few persons seem to realize as yet how dramatically the Democratic candidate for the governorship has been pushed forward in this instance to provide a test of the temper and spirit of the people. Mr. Palmer has made it appear that a group of public men of great influence who talk prettily enough about the war and manifest dazzling skill as flag wavers are, in reality, untouched in their consciousness even at this hour of hours by any of the war's meanings. Mr. Palmer has charged in effect that they have done their utmost to discredit and to disregard and to make ridiculous the institutions of free government—the things for which we happen to be fighting in France. The Democratic State chairman named men in both parties. But no one has sued him for libel. No one has died of anger or of indignation.

It may be worth while to digress here, for the sake of the moral, to Senator Sherman and the amazing attack which he has just made in the Senate upon President Wilson. Were it not for the situation in Pennsylvania we might look to Mr. Sherman for proof of Mr. Borah's shining abilities as a prophet.

"All the Republican members," the wires said, "applauded Senator Sherman's address." The country didn't applaud it. The country sneered. What we must wonder now is whether Senator Penrose was there to applaud Senator Sherman—the same Senator Penrose who is now charged with an effort to boss the future Governor of Pennsylvania, whether that Governor be a Republican or a Democrat.

Senator Sproul is Senator Penrose's friend. There is no secret of the relation between them. It is clearly visible, well understood, and there is nothing discreditable about it to Mr. Sproul or to Mr. Penrose. With Judge Bonniwell, Mr. Sproul's rival, the situation is different. A Republican Senator accused of paying the way of a Democratic candidate for the Governorship is a novel spectacle to the uninitiated. Judge Bonniwell, who is thus singularly distinguished, is charged with attempts to sell out his own party, his own friends.

Deep water this! We shall have to wait and see what comes out of it. Words are of little use now. All concerned will be appraised by what they do. Mr. Palmer is known as a truthful man. The men he attacked have called him a liar. But they haven't proved him one. What we should like to do now, for the interest of science, is to take Senator Borah, of Idaho, by the hand and lead him to a grand stand seat, from which he might observe the progress of Judge Bonniwell in the State election and deliver up saws, observations and prophecies suited to the occasion. We should still insist that he talked nonsense recently in Washington. But we should confess to glimmering doubts. There are many who had hoped that the parties, like the rest of the world, would receive a new baptism of grace and decency from the war. They will know whether to believe or disbelieve Senator Borah, whether they were fools or wise men, by the progress of affairs in the Pennsylvania campaign from this on. They have only to keep an eye on Bonniwell.

What shall we do if it is proved that Mr. Penrose sought to have the Democratic Governor in his pocket? Shall we become indignant? Or shall we take comfort in the old bewildered gesture and try to think of pleasant things? Shall we confess once again in that instant that we are unfitted for self-government and that the politicians are too clever for us?

And what will they say in France, those men who are suffering and being wounded and killed to preserve for us a privilege for which we seem to be unfitted?

Yes, we understand a world series is being played somewhere.

LAFAYETTE DAY

MARIE JOSEPH, Marquis de Lafayette, the one hundred and sixty-second anniversary of whose birth is celebrated today, was so passionately a champion of our liberties that Americans have long

cherished his memory with a peculiarly intimate, almost selfish fervor. The broader ideals of freedom which inspire us to take up arms in the world war may profitably be stimulated by a less familiar conception of the best loved foreigner in the history of the United States.

For not only did the gallant Lafayette help us to be free, but his devotion to liberty was unflinching and unswerving throughout his entire career. Before the French Revolution reached the stage of the Terror he was a conspicuous leader in all its great affairs. The key of the Bastille, his symbolic gift to Washington, significantly reposes in Mount Vernon to this day. Repudiation by frenzied Jacobins and imprisonment by the Austrians failed to temper his enthusiasm for eternal principles of orderly self-government.

Late in life he commanded the French National Guard in the Revolution of 1830, which hurled the Bourbons forever from the throne of France. The purity of his disinterested services on behalf of a sacred cause is unstained.

It is well to remember the breadth of his sympathies today, when America, free herself, is fighting for world redemption. The natal day of Lafayette, who opposed all tyranny wherever he found it, has a new meaning for a new America.

Now that summer is almost over we recall that summer girls seem to have gone out of fashion.

THE REAL WORLD SERIES

THE "world's series" of baseball games, which opened in Chicago yesterday afternoon, is blanketed by a bigger series of games, playing on a larger field, on the other side of the world.

Baseball has had hard sledding this summer. Men are interested in bigger things than professional sport these days.

The Huns can make a stand now and then. But the Allies seldom give them a chance to sit down.

HOW GASOLINE CAN HELP WIN

IF THE figures compiled by the Quaker City Cab Company are correct, they justify the common saying that this is the most wasteful nation in the world.

These figures, in brief, show that enough gasoline is wasted in a year to supply all the war needs of the Government, with more than 200,000,000 gallons to spare.

The economical use of gasoline has evidently never been taught to motorcar owners. The cab company estimates that 240,000 gallons a day are consumed needlessly because of improperly adjusted carburetors and 150,000 gallons through keeping the engine running when the car is standing still, and another 100,000 gallons through leaks.

These enormous quantities of fuel could be saved by proper adjustment of the carburetors and through repairs of leaky joints and stopcocks.

The company estimates also that nearly 600,000 gallons a day are burned through needless use of the cars. It can be saved by keeping the cars in the garages except when there is imperative need for them.

It is not necessary to accept these figures as accurate to conclude that much could be done to mitigate the gasoline shortage by a judicious conservation of what we have. They show how men who cannot fight can do a little something to help win the war.

Of the Czech-Slovaks it may be said in passing that they cannot be checked, and there doesn't seem to be anything slow about them.

THE PUBLIC PAYS THE FREIGHT

THE director general of railroads, as he contemplates the sum required to pay his latest increase of wages to the railroad employees, must be in the mood of the farmers who used to buy scales from a manufacturer in Birmingham. This manufacturer won fame, political office and some fortune through the popularity and pulling power of his advertising slogan:

"Jones, he pays the freight."

Mr. McAdoo does not have to worry about where the money is to come from. The public pays the freight.

No one begrudges the railroad workers a fair day's pay. They are entitled to it. But the public is interested in the financial outcome of Mr. McAdoo's management of the railroads. He ordered an increase in wages in May, to date from January 1. It will take \$300,000,000 a year to meet the added charge on the railroad income due to this order. The passenger and freight rates were increased in order to provide the necessary funds, but the railroads ended the first six months of Mr. McAdoo's management with \$225,000,000 less than was necessary to pay the rental guaranteed to the owners of the property. The net increase of wages, which is made to correct the inequalities in pay which arose under the first order, will add \$150,000,000 a year to the expense budget. Now if he ran behind a quarter of a billion dollars in the first six months, how is Mr. McAdoo, with added burdens, to end the year with his books balancing without still further increasing freight and passenger rates?

But this is not the way to convert the public to a belief in Government ownership.

Hindenburg's Latest Song

O where, O where's my little line gone? O where, O where can it be? With its head cut off and its tail gone wrong, It seems to be all at sea.

Why is it that so Ask Some One Else many terms of derision originate with the bill of fare? No man is so mild that he will not fly into a rage the instant he is called a hard-boiled egg. It is currently believed that even so complicated and unpleasant a person as the Kaiser is fitly described as a big cheese. Call an actor a ham, and you have an enemy for life. And to be known to the world of men as a big stew is to bear the ultimate designation of contumely.

The German commanders are offering a reward of about \$100 for each American brought in as a prisoner. Now we know how German widows get their pin money.

The Mayor's explanation of the Gudehus incident will cause his enemies to say they are glad to hear that Gudehus is a slacker.

THE CHAFFING DISH

THE quip is not our own, but we can't resist saying again that Pershing is probably humming "Pop goes the Vesie."

In these days when so many of us wear patriotic buttons of one sort or another, why shouldn't there be some kind of decoration or chevron for a man who hasn't used the word camouflage for six months?

Peach stones contain prussic acid, so it seems only right that we should save them to embarrass the Kaiser.

The public is rarely convinced that an operatic soprano is really coloratura until divorce proceedings have been made public.

After reading that speech of Senator Sherman, Germantown will not be so anxious to call itself Shermanstown.

All summer the German war correspondents have been laying great stress on the Kaiser's fine healthy sunburn. And now, thanks to Foch, he seems to be getting tanned indeed.

It occurs to us that Karl Rosner's insistence on the Kaiser's coat of tan may mean that Wilhelm is conscious of a certain pallor within.

The man who treads the pavement with downcast eyes and rapt demeanor may not necessarily be a philosopher. Perhaps he is watching the shimmer of ankles, soon, alas, to be shrouded once more in the autumnal spat.

The helpings of pumpkin (or pumpkin) pie are smaller than they were last year, but, happily, they still are an essential industry.

Any dictionary that contains the word camouflage has a right to wear a service flag.

The farther the Germans get from Paris the more interested they become in Prussian franchise reform. By and by they may be so concerned with their own affairs that they will take up the problem of safeguarding themselves from another, brutal aggression on the part of Belgium.

G. K. Chesterton has remarked of Tennyson that "he had much more power of expression than was wanted for anything he had to express."

The same thought has sometimes occurred to us in connection with the mellifluous Henry van Dyke.

As Reported in Germany

Terrible civil war in the United States of North America. The Sox (inhabitants of the Boston solvets) have invaded Chicago and are attacking the natives, whom they bitterly call Cubs. Grandiloquent Yankees call this the world struggle or world series. Terror has struck the hearts of the population to such an extent that those watching the carnage are pale with panic, and are known as bleachers.

Bonfires

Allied aviators set fire to war plants in Bonn and other Rhine towns.—News item.

Why is it that when an actor concludes a telephone conversation on the stage he always crashes down the receiver in a manner that would be considered unmitigated swank in private life? If we tried it Mr. Burleson would probably arrest us for contempt of government ownership.

It is curious how many men between the discreet ages of twenty-one and thirty-one seem to keep their draft classification cards in the cedar chest at home instead of in their pockets.

Better Skip This

Judging by the large amount of booty that has recently been recaptured from the Germans it appears that it was only Hun-deep.

When you see the green flag flying on Sunday do not imagine that it means Jerry O'Leary has been acquitted. As you pass on gasless Sundays last green bunting is to be the emblem of a doctor's motorcar.

It would be interesting to know just how the Bolsheviks think their standing in society is improved by the murder of ambassadors.

We learn from "Who's Who" that Dr. Frederick Cook's name was originally Koch. Well, well, well—was that North Pole business also a bit of German propaganda?

Exiles From the Front Page

And, speaking of Doc Cook, there are certain other exiles from the front page whose whereabouts don't seem to be troubling the world very much. The following occur to us; doubtless there are others:

- Bergdoll
Kerensky
Garabed
Rosner
Nearing
W. J. Bryan
Von Kluck
Czernin
The Yellow Peril
Villa
King Constantine
Big Bertha
Esperanto
George D. Porter

Now that the Hindenburg has shown itself not impregnable, many a man will feel more hopeful about outflanking his coastline.

Dove Dulcet tells us that he is going to claim exemption in the new draft on account of his dependent poems. We agree that his verses are quite unable to support themselves. SOCRATES.

For You Alone, Ermentrude, you are devoting yourself in a powder factory to the work of making the world unsafe for Kaisers you are a "munitionette." That is the newest word in the language, and if any one would try to josh you about it tell them, for us, that with all its faults, it is a much nicer word than slacker.

Did Penrose Help? Let us leave the world out of it for a moment and admit that Judge Bonniwell is rapidly making Pennsylvania unsafe for democracy.

THROUGH THE SMOKE OF LIBERTY'S BATTLES WE PAY TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF OUR FRIEND



FREEDOM FOR ULTIMA THULE

Unique Iceland, Most Misjudged of Countries, Heading for Independence

THE land of ponies, pancakes and pumice, of lichens, long nights and literature craves a nod of recognition. Its forlorn hope to the family of free nations is scheduled for December. The months immediately ahead of us are certain to be crowded with world-shaking events, and yet it might be a gracious thing to spare a moment's consideration for the newcomer, Iceland, continually heroic, continually misunderstood, deserves it. Against obstacles that would have been the despair of any man, it has passed the flame of a distinctive culture, sustaining alive in stricken times an unquenchable spirit of liberty.

Under the new plan, now being prepared by a joint commission of Danish and Icelandic statesmen, Iceland is to have somewhat the same status as had Norway before the separation from Sweden and the coronation of King Haakon. The King of Denmark is to be King of Iceland. Denmark is to represent Iceland in foreign affairs, but Iceland holds the right to substitute special legates of her own at any time and the privilege of remaining aloof from any of Denmark's possible disputes with any nation.

This coming distinction is not a mere figure of speech. It has, moreover, a real bearing on the character of the outcome. Iceland lies almost wholly within the North Temperate Zone and is geographically rated as a European island. The little mail boats, which are to be replaced by a regular "civilization" start at Copenhagen, proceed across the North Sea to Leith, the port of Edinburgh, and five days later the traveler is in Sagla Land.

Some twenty years ago the writer was a passenger on one of these staunch but far from speedy craft. In those days on German waters the Midnight Sun steamships had yet made Reykjavik, the capital, a port of tourist call and not even the records of the hasty sightseer were available as an index to the character of the outfit of Europe. Lot's "An Iceland Fisherman" was no guide at all, for the tale is French and concerns itself chiefly with the heroism of Bretons in stormy seas, and not at all with the life of a unique and interesting people. Hugo's "Hans of Iceland" is singularly unconvincing, a romantic stage picture.

Since the days of Harper's Young People a fabled author of juvenile books, one Kirk Munroe, had evolved an unpretentious tale entitled "Dorymatoes." The scene of boyish sea-faring exploits that begins in Gloucester, Mass., shifted eventually to the farthing land which medieval man had vaguely termed "Ultima Thule," which Columbus is said to have covered prior to his major effort in discovery, the land of volcanoes and Vikings, the head and front both of Norse culture and Norse courage.

The recollection of Munroe's adventurous story dispelled for me many an illusion. It told me that the folk of Iceland were not Eskimos, but verily the heroic aristocracy of Scandinavia—a tall, virile, light-haired, white people, a nation of poets and saga spinners, forever battling against formidable natural forces and taking refuge from the hard facts of existence in a veritable orgy of literature. For approximately a thousand years Iceland has been both consuming and producing books.

Since the days when Erik the Red, whom it is possible to identify either as a Norseman or an immigrant to Iceland, ventured far beyond the seas to Vinland, generally admitted to have been a portion of North America, the Icelandic, beset by volcanic convulsions, by earthquakes, hampered by lack of natural resources, cut off from any intimate connection with Europe, had consumed the long wintry nights in creating his own wonderful literature and diverting himself in its perusal. That stirring monument of medieval literature, the "Hjalmaringa" or "Stories of the Kings," although descriptive of Norway, is an Icelandic product.

The return to an extremely liberal home rule system was in force. But Iceland, though peaceful and averse to armed strife, was still unaffiliated. Universal suffrage for men and women alike has been a subsequent development. With the virtually unopposed consent of Denmark the distinguished honor of nationality is now in store for Iceland. Her ships will display a new flag.

The kindly Gulf Stream, which almost encircles the island's coast line, has taken off some of the chill in more ways than one. The hearts of Viking fishermen beat warmly for liberty. Self-determination in "Ultima Thule" should be an augury of happier days in some nearer clime.

truths, but it did awaken interest in the signal and almost appalling scene wonders of Ultima Thule. A land seared with sinister volcanic chaos, contrasting with pale green pasture lands and little gardens productive of a few hardy vegetables; a land where the sheep and cattle vastly outnumber the human inhabitants; a land of blackened, burnt-out mountains, weird old sisters of Hecla, that still razing peak of fire and snow, a land of thunderous waterfalls, of terrifying chasms and unexpectedly grimacing cliffs was revealed to me on a long and drizzly pony ride. I journeyed from the capital, with its chillingly prosaic dwellings of alleged "damp-proof" galvanized iron, through the university and Parliament house, to historic Thingval.

There on an "island" between awesome earth fissures, the chief of the stormy old republican days before the official merger of the fortunes of Iceland in the league of Norway and Denmark was made, called the Althing, promulgated its laws and debated the welfare of the State in much the same tongue which the modern legislatures are to employ in the dignified brownstone Parliament house in Reykjavik, of living languages, Icelandic is truly a veteran. It was contemporary with the extinct Anglo-Saxon, to which it naturally bears certain affinities.

Thingval, with its rich historic and startling scenic values, proved so arresting that certain surprises concerning modern Icelandic life were rather vaguely sensed. Later it is possible to reflect that the fresh and lively night in a "hotel" in which the sleeping arrangements were modeled on berths in a ship; that delicious pancakes—somewhat a cross between the French and German varieties—were a staple of the Icelandic cuisine; that in one of the least tropical of lands the art of coffee making had reached an enviable stage; that the "dormitory" was a relic of the list of incomparable foods; that, though Icelandic ponies were almost as large as horses, my huge cavalier guide, who had ridden the ridge, was barely able to keep his feet from touching the turf.

I learned considerably more concerning this cultivated descendant of unwearied Vikings and stoutly enduring Norsemen in his fluent English that he knew four other languages, when his skill as a caravan pilot gave me confidence to ford a swift-flowing river just above the ridge, from which it tumbled into the deep pool below, and when his indefatigable good nature was displayed by his vigil by the geyser, historic parent of the steaming springs. In the gray light of 1:30 in the morning—it was mid-July and the Icelandic day was almost continuous—Gudmannson summoned me to see that gleaming mass of hot water.

We were miles beyond Thingval now, miles even beyond Gullfoss—a waterfall which vies in splendor with the prodigies of Niagara, the Zambesi and the Parana. Neither the cheerless iron habitations of "metropolitan" Reykjavik nor the picturesque thatched cottages of the shepherds and cattlemen were near the sulphurous inferno of hot springs.

A capacious tent, however, served us admirably and when the spectacular eruption and ceased the ingenious Gudmannson appeared with a dish of smoking hot Icelandic magic was suggested by the engaging sight. The notion was substantially correct. The accomodating geyser pool had heated to a degree of savory warmth and a portion of potted meat originally emanating from a Chicago stockyard.

At that time an extremely liberal home rule system was in force. But Iceland, though peaceful and averse to armed strife, was still unaffiliated. Universal suffrage for men and women alike has been a subsequent development. With the virtually unopposed consent of Denmark the distinguished honor of nationality is now in store for Iceland. Her ships will display a new flag.

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Naturally, a "boy's book" hardly prepared for the oppression of all these signposts

THE BALL GAME

WHAT'S the score, Satan? What's the score, God? Is this the ninth inning of the Game Begun in the slime of anterior ages. Or only the seventh, where we stretch for A twenty-two inning tie that will end in utter darkness?

What's the score, Satan? What's the score, God? Our score cards have blown away Over the fence of the Visible. Who made the First Error. And who is that gigantic slugger, Slugging out fouls all over the world?

What's the score, Satan? What's the score, God? Isn't the Second Game of a Double-Header, When we in the bleachers and we in the grandstands

And all the tired, mud-splattered players Must begin all over again, Forgetting the old percentages And the billions of runners lost in the dirty pool at Second?

What's the score, Satan? —Benjamin De Casseres, in the New York Tribune.

Making the Demon Disgorge

Prohibition has been postponed till July 1, 1919, in order to save \$900,000,000 in liquor taxes required by the forthcoming revenue bill. This is common sense, making the devil disgorge before shooting him. Only a fool would kill the demon that lays the golden egg.—New York Evening Post.

A Fine Job for Efficiency

Hindenburg has quit figuring on getting to Paris and begun devoting all his time to keeping roads open to Berlin.—Detroit Free Press.

Superfluous Information

We don't favor a tax on summer furs. The fur is a sufficient affliction in themselves.—Houston Post.

Idea of Insinuating He's Old!

This may be the day of your young man, but just look at Uncle Joe Cannon.—Charleston News and Courier.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What is the principal language of Brazil?
2. The birthday of what famous friend of America is being celebrated today?
3. What state does Senator Sherman represent?
4. What is a Hidalgo and what is the origin of the word?
5. Who was commander of the British army in 1814?
6. Why are Irishmen sometimes called Milesians?
7. What is the distinguishing characteristic of Ionic architecture?
8. What place in Denmark is the chief scene of the "Tales of Hans Andersen"?
9. How many girls make a quint?
10. What is the plural of the word genius?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Portuguese is Crown Prince of Bavaria.
2. John R. Gough was a noted American temperance lecturer. His dates are 1817-1860.
3. A brig has two masts. It is a square-rigged vessel with an additional fore and aft mast.
4. "Hidalgo" is French for "The English." The name was used by Napoleon I. and Marie Louise. He died in Vienna in 1835 at the age of twenty-two.
5. The Trent affair was a diplomatic episode growing out of the seizure by an American gunboat of the British mail steamer "HMS Trent" on the high seas.
6. Miles was the Roman suffix of wisdom.
7. Raleigh is the capital of North Carolina.
8. Alton B. Parker was the Democratic candidate for President defeated by Theodore Roosevelt in 1904.
9. George Eliot wrote "The Mill on the Floss."
10. A quint is a five piece.